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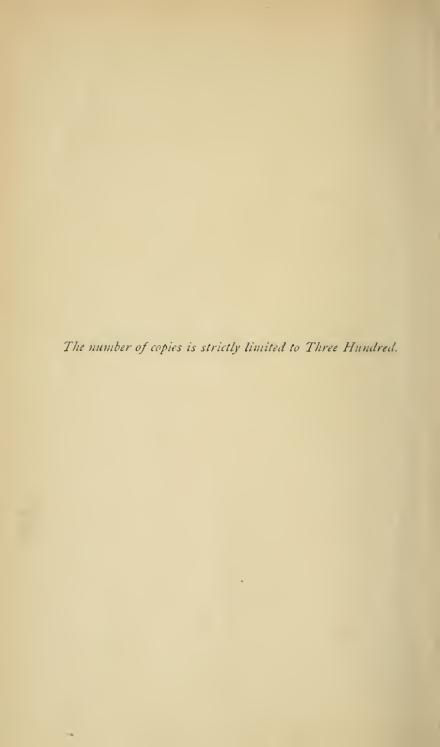
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ANTIENT DROLLERIES.

(No. I.)



16,539

ANTIENT DROLLERIES.

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Cobbes Propheries,

HIS SIGNES AND TOKENS, HIS MADRIGALLS, QUESTIONS, AND ANSWERES, WITH HIS SPIRITUALL LESSON, IN VERSE, RIME, AND PROSE.

1614.

REPRODUCED IN FACSIMILE

BY

CHARLES PRAETORIUS,

WITH A PREFACE

BY

A. H. BULLEN.

LONDON:

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1890.

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PREFACE.

JOHN DUNTON warned the readers of the Rare Adventures of Don Kainophilus that they would find the narrative "such a hodgpotch of stuff as would make a hermit tear his beard to hear of it." The description is not inapplicable to the drolling prophecies of Master Cobbe.

The preface is signed "Richard Rablet," who is evidently a fictitious personage. Mr. Bertram Dobell plausibly suggests that the author styled himself "Rablet" after François Rabelais, whose Pantagrueline Prognostication is familiar to everybody. It was not uncommon to issue these mock prognostications under assumed names. For instance, Friar Bakons Prophesie, published ten years before Colles Prophecies, purports to be by "William Terilo." The Owles Almanache, 1618 (attributed without evidence to Dekker), bears on the title-page the name of "Mr. Jocundary Merrie-braines."

A mild Shakespearean interest attaches to Cobbes Prophecies from the resemblance that some of the pieces bear to the Fool's prophecy in Lear (III. 2); but the whimsical madrigals that follow the prophecies are the salt of our curious tract. The verses on the morrice-dance give a lively description of that old English merriment; they should be compared with the madrigal, in Thomas Morley's collection of 1594, beginning—"Ho! who comes there with bagpiping and drumming?" Richard Rablet was no puritan; he loved

"a pot of good Ale And a merry old tale."

By the fire-side among his cronies in winter,

"When a Cup of good Sacke,
That hurts not the backe,
will make the cheeks red as a Cherry,"

he would be ready with his jests and quips; and we may be sure that in summer-time he was a welcome guest at shearing-feasts and harvest-homes. His talk is occasionally somewhat free, but doubtless he was regarded as a privileged person. Besides, he has stores of admirable counsel. How delicately he warns impulsive maids to be chary of their favours at the feast of St. Valentine!—

"When the Grasse doth spring,
And the Birds gin to sing,
take heed of St. Valentines day;
Least while ye reioyce,
In lighting on your choyce,
ye make not ill worke before May."

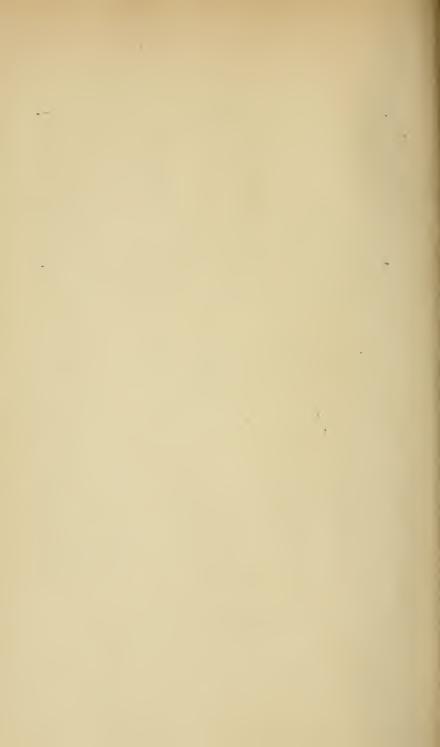
Honest mirth is what he advocated. Time, that blunts the lion's paws, will too soon dull the briskness of our lustiest springals. So let the younkers frisk it while they may. "Nunc levis est tractanda Venus," as gentle Tibullus urges. Does not Ovid remind us (though, sooth to say, the reminder is hardly needed) that crookt age comes with noiseless step, "Jam veniet tacito curva senecta pede"? Our cheerful moralist prescribes for old and young—

"When a man is old,
And the wether blowes cold,
well fare a fire and a fur'd Gowne:
But when he is young,
And his blood new sprung,
his sweete hart is worth half the Towne.

When a Maid is faire, In her smocke and haire, who would not be glad to woe her?"

A graver note is struck in the poem, "When Youth and Beauty meet togither"; and "Cobs talke with Wisedome" affords matter for serious reflection. But, take it all in all, the book is mere drollery; a tale of a roasted horse, a riot of mad rhymes, a pleasant piece of tomfoolery.

^{1,} Yelverton Villas, Twickenham, 25th June, 1890.





COBBES PROPHECIES, HIS SIGNES AND TOKENS,

his Madrigalls, Questions, and Answeres, with his spiritual Lesson, in Verse, Rime, and Prose.

Pleasant, and not vnprofitable.

Reade that will, Judge that can, Like



Printed at London for Robert Wilson, and are to be sold at his Shop at Grayes-Inne Gate. I 6 I 4.





To the Reader.



Here was vpon a time an odde Country Riming Fellow, whose name was Cobbe: where hee dwelt, I finde not; and what hee was, it skils not: Onely this I note of him, that it seemes by the

Memoriall I have of him, that he was in his time, as (no doubt are many now adaies) given to looke so farre above the Moone, that as falling through the Clouds, when he wak the knew not where he was: but strange thinges he had in his kead, which he set downe as oddely in writing: where if you looke for verse, you are out; if for Rime, you are in: now, if you take delight in old idle Prophecies, strange Signes and Tokens, though they never come to passe, and to reade now and than of many a strange Madrigall, heere you may have change to sit your choise; how they will fall sit with your humour I know not, and therefore this is all I will say to you. I know

 A_3

To the Reader.

the Book Seller will say. What lack you, and I say, I wish all may like you; so, till I see you, though I know you not when I meete you, to the Lord of heauen I leave you.

Your well willer as to all honest Men.

Richard Rablet.



COBBES PROPHECIES, HIS MADRIGALS, SIGNES, AND TOKENS.



Hen fashions make mens Bodies, And wits are rul'd by Noddies: When Fooles grow rich by formine, And wise must tooles importune.

When Greyhounds must cry crauen, And Mastine Dogges must rauen: When Faulcons stoope to carren, And Poulcats spoile the warren. The Sunne doth leave his shining, The Moone is in declining: The Starres are ouer-shrouded, The Sky is ouer clouded. The Ayre is all infected, The Plague yet not respected: No Charity nor pitty, In Country, nor in Citry. The vertuous all disgraced, The famous all defaced: And rascall kinde of people, Shall looke aboue Paules steeple: When Nightingales are scorned, And Cuckoes are adorned. And Black-birds leave their whistle, And pearch vpon a Thistle: And Oates are sowne and gathered, And Children are strange fathered.

And Swannes do loose their feathers, While Geese fortell foule weathers: When Horses tug at Cables, While Asses keepe the Stables. When Virgins waite on whoores, And Knights keepe Beggars doores: And lackes like Knights shall let it, Because their purses get it, When Noble-minded Spirits, Can have no hope of Merits; But either quite discarded, Orflenderly rewarded: When Owles, and Apes, and Asses, Shall pranke themselves in Glasses. While better kind of Creatures, Of farre more dainty Natures, Shall clad in cloath of lether, To hold out winde and wether. When Schollars mocke their Teachers, And Lay men laugh at Preachers: And woodcockes learne of wizards, To play the doting dizards. When foule flaps thall be painted, And faire paps shall bee tainted, And patience must content her, That no man will lament her: But all things topfic-turuy, Do proue the world fo fcuruy, That honest men abhorre it, Why? then, who will care for it? But, that no such ill season, Where truth may dye by treason.

The wicked foole may flourish, While none the good will nourish: Or Earth be scene or heard, To make the world afeard: Pray all good hearts with me, That it may neuer be.

WHen lacke of grace turnes good to euill, And men leaue God to serue the Deuill: And young men follow imperfections, And old men dote in ill affections. When Beauty is a baite of finning, While wanton threds, make wicked spinning, And wealth doth onely breede ambition, When Nature shewes an ill condition. And basenesse buyes the Badge of Honor, While VVisedome weepes to looke vpon her; VVhen learning teacheth but illusion, VVhere fancies study but confusion. When power is seene but in oppression, While conscience makes no sinnes confession: VVhen Lechery is Natures follace, And Robbery is Reasons purchace. VVhen peace doth breede an ill fecurity, Where pleasure lines but in impurity: When simple vertue is disdained, And subtill vice is entertained: If fuch a time should ever be, That, I hope, neuer man shall see. That so the wicked fiende should rage, In enery course of enery age; That

That lack of Grace should thinke it good,
To live upon the fruit of blood;
While Spirits carelesse of faluation,
Will headlong runne unto damnation:
Pray to the Lord of heaven to mendit,
Or in his mercy, quickly end it.

Hen Tradefmen take no Mony, Nor Varmin hunt a Cony: Old Mumplie is no Meacocke, Nor his proud Minckes a Peacocke. The Souldiour is not bloody, His Ofteffe is not muddy; The Vsurer not greedy, The rich releeue the needy: The Courtier is not haughty, His Courrizan not naughty. The wantons leave their winking, The damned crew their drinking: The Geese do leaue their grazing, And idle eies their gazing: Dame Parnellis no pratler, Her parasite no flatterer: The Chapmen leave their buying And Sellers leave their lying. The Skipper leanes his fayling, The Oyster-wines their rayling; The Farmer leaves his tillage, The Begger leaues the village. When Snudges leave their sparing. And Coseners leave their sharing:

When Theeues doe leave their robbing, And heavy harts their throbbing: When proud men leave their spighting, And Poets leave their byting: When Children leave their crying, And old men leave their dying; Strange will be the alteration, Or else, a consummation.

WHen Ships doe faile against the winde. And Nature goes against her kinde: And tongues must say that blacke is white, While mad men make a day of night: When Reason must subscribe to will, To leave the good and take the ill. When Conscience sits and blowes the cole. While Patience liues on pitties dole: And Wisedome shall be poore and bare, While folly lights on Fortunes share; And learning doth but breake the braine. While bare Experience gets the gaine: And loue is plaid on follies Stage, Twixt Youth, and Ages marriage. And Augrice with ielous eies, Doth liue in greefe, while pleasure dies: And man becomes but Monies Slaue, While Vertue liues in Honors Graue: When Nature thus doth change her course, From good to bad, from ill to worse. And, hope of mendment will be small, When thus the Deuill workes in all:

Вz

If ever man should live to know
The wailefull time of so much woe:
As God forbid should ever be,
That Eare should heare, or Eye should see:
Then harty prayers would do well,
For faving of the Soule from Hell.

WHen the Fisherman drownes the Eele, And the Hare bites the Huntsman by the heel: When the Geese do drive the Foxe into his hole, And the Thistle ouertops the May-pole. The Hering is at warre with the Whale, And the Drunkard forsweares a pot of Ale: When the Lawyers plead all for pitty, And conscience is the Ruler of a Citty; When the parson will his Tithes forgoe, And the Parish will pay him, will, or no. When the Vsurer is weary of his gaine, And the Farmer feedes the poore with his graine: The Oyster leaves gaping for the tide, And Lob Jolly will not daunce with his Bride. When Prentizes had rather worke then play, And Schollars cannot away with a holy-day: When brabbles and quarrels all cease, And Armies yeelde their Armies to peace; And peace such a power hath won, That Souldiers setue all with a Potgun. When the Fletcher fals out with the Bolt, And the wife must make cursie to a Dolt, When the Night is brighter then the Day, And the Cloudes drive the winde away.

When

When the Snow and the Frost are firehot. And the Costermongers Apples will not rot: When the Asse shall make Musique to the Owle. And the Slut will not weare her cloaths foule. When the Ship shall throw away her saile, And the Dogge shall leave wagging of his taile; And the Rabbets shall runne through the Hey, And the Varmin makes the Warriner runne away: When the Cat is afraid of the Mouse, And the Beggar will walke without a Loufe. When Connies doe Castles vndermine, And Lords must waite while Lobcockes dine: And rich men weepe, and Beggars fing, And enery Knaue will be a King. Vntill the Gallowes, or the Whip, Doe take a Villaine in a Trip: When all things thus doe come to passe, That by an Oxe, and by an Asse; The question shall decided be, Why Dogges and Cats cannot agree. When Mowles and Wormes do looke abroad. And Snakes doe combat with the Toade: The Fleyes will not abide the sheetes, Nor idle people walke the streetes, When thus the world doth come about Within the course of Colin Clout: Which neuer man I hope shall see, Godknowes what then the world will be.

When the Winter to Summer turneth,
The Fire cooles, and the water burneth;
B 3 When

When the Fly puts the Eagle to her flight, And the day holds a Candle to the night: When the trees bend downe to the bushes, And the Owle drives the Nightingale to hushes: When the Hare fals to play with the Hound, And the Worme scornes to creepe into the ground; When the Aspe with the Wolfe makes a fray, And the Mouse makes the Cat runne away. When the Owle teacheth the Parrat to speake. And the Goofe makes the Gander to keake: When the Market Crosse is without Corne, And not a house will yeeld a man a horne. When the Clouds commaund the winde to be still, And the Valley will ouertop the hill: When the Storke is afraid of the Frog, And the Cur runs away from the Hog. When the Beggars will leave the high way, And wantons will give ouer play; When a Moris-dance is without a foole. And a foole be without a Ladle and a toole: When rich wares will be at low rate, And a Citty will runne out at the Gate: The Sailer cannot away with a merry gale, And the Constable is afraid of a pot of Ale. When the Goose is mistaken for the Swan, And the Goodwife knowes not her good Man; If the world were come to such a change, The alteration would be very strange: But rather then all should go so amisse, Better be content with it, as it is.

VV Hen the day and the night do meete, And the houses are even with the streete: And the fire and the water agree, And blinde men haue power to see: When the Wolfe and the Lambe live togither, And the blasted trees will not wither. When the flood and the ebbe runne one way, And the Sunne and the Moone are at a stay; When Age and Youth are all one, And the Miller creepes through the Mill-stone: When the Ram butts the Butcher on the head, And the living are buried with the dead. VVhen the Cobler doth worke without his cends, And the Cutpurse, and the Hangman are friends: Strange things will then be to see, But I thinke it will never be.

VVHen the wind is alwaies in one place, All Horses are of one Race: And all Men are in one case.

When all words have but one sence, All Cases are in one tence; And all Purses have but one expence.

VVhen all hands do sit one Gloue, All harts haue but one Loue: And all Birds be but one Doue.

VVhen all wit is in one head, And all Corne makes but one bread; And all ease is in one bed.

When all Truth is in one hart, And all Knowledge is in one art, And all Diuisions are in one part.

When all fport is in one play, When all feasts are in one day: And all States are at one stay.

When all faces have but one feature, And all Spirits are of one Nature; And all worth is in one Creature.

Such wonders will be then to see, As out of doubt will neuer be.

When there is nothing but forrow and care, And the fieldes are all barren and bare; And the Beggers haue a miserable share.

When the Markets are horrible decre, There is nothing to drinke, but small beere: And the rich men keepe beggerly cheere.

When the Children are bawling and crying, And old folkes are swearing and lying: And sicke folkes are sighing and dying.

When Baiard is downe in the mire, And the fat is all in the fire: When loue hath lost his desire.

When Maisters do fall into rages,

And Séruants are unpaid their wages; And all their best clothes are in gages.

If ever it should come about,
To put the Cockes eies cleane out:
And then hope to reuell and rout.

Which I hope neuer to see, But where all faire Gamsters be; Good fellowes will kindly agree.

God knowes, for I cannot tell, VVho then goes to Heauen or to Hell.

VV Hen Preachers have louing Auditors, And Borrowers haue kind Creditors: When Sutors petitions have comfortable reading, And Forma pauperis hath a fauourable pleading. VVhen loue is the whole rule of life, And the Good man loues none but his owne wife, VVhen there is no spleene, nor any spight, But every one keepes his owne right: VVhen all is as plaine as the high-way, And all goes by yea, and by nay. And one man fo well loues another, That there is no false Sister nor Brother, No facing, frowning, nor fighting, But one in another delighting; No oddes twixt the Groome and the Bride. No enuy, nor mallice, nor pride. No punishment, but for offences, No

No care, but all for expences. No time spent, but all businesse, Nor sleeping, but all in heavinesse: No iarring, but all in iesting, No friendship, but all in feasting. No lawing, brabling, nor bribing, No kind of scotling, nor gibing; No painting of ill fauored faces, Nor seeking of true loues disgraces: No tale, but well worth the telling, Nor fauour, but well worth the smelling. No Act, but well worth the doing, No Wench, but well worth the woing; If such a time were happily come, To proue this true in all, or some; Who would not loy in hart to fee, And pray it might so euer be.

When toies and trifles stand for treasure,
And pain mistaken stands for pleasure:
When lust mistaken is for loue,
A lack-daw for a Turtle-doue.
When Crast is raine for Honesty,
Hypocrisie, for Piety;
And babling held for eloquence,
And basenesse stands for excellence:
When truth shall be esteem'd a iest,
And he thats rich, is onely blest.
While all the vertues of the mind,
Do all go whirling downe the wind.
And braine spun thred shall be esteemd;
And Wisedome little worth be deemd:

And flatterers shall stand for friends, To bring but fooles to idle ends: When nothing shall be well begun, But croft, or spoild ere it be done. And every where the bad for good, Shall be too much misvnderstood: While wilfull folly should reioyce, In making of a wicked choyce: And true discretion grieue to see, In what a case the cursed be If such a time was never such, Should come to curffe the world so much: As God forbid it should be so, That Man should so much sorrow know: That Deuils fo should play their parts, Then vp to Heauen with honeit harts.

7 7 Hen seuen Geese follow one Swan, And seuen Cats licke in one pan: When seuen Iack-dawes follow one Crow, And seuen Archers shoot in one Bow. When seuen Citties make but one State, And seuen houses have but one Gate: When seuen Armies make but one Campe, And seuen States have but one stamp: When seuen Schollers haue but one gown, And seuen Lordships, make but one towne. When feuen Swagrers have but one Punck, And seuen tranallers have but one truncke. When scuen Horses saddle one Mare, And seuen Pedlers have but one packe of ware:

When

When seuen Hackney Men haue but one lade, And seuen Cutlers have but one Blade; When seuen Butcl rs haue but one staule, And seuen Coblers, haue but one aule: When seuen rivers have but one Fish, And seven Tables haue but one Dish. When seuen Lawyers plead but one case, And seuen Painters worke vpon one face: When fenen Ditties have but one Note, And seven Fidlers have but one Grote. When seuen Guls have but one throat, And seuen Truls, haue but one pericoat; If by the number thus of seuen, The one doe make the odde full euen: That, in the sence of the conceit, The seuen to one doe make vp eight. It seemes not strange yet vnto me Tis strange, now ecuen and odde agree: Yet when it fals, tis no deceit, That seuen and one doe make vp eight.

VV Hen the Hen crowes,
Then the Cocke knowes
what worke must be done,
And when the wind blowes,
Then the Sailer knowes
what course must be runne.

When the Millgoes, Then the Miller knowes what Fith are a flore: cMadrigais.

And when the tide flowes, Then the Water-man knowes, what to doe with his Boare.

When the Grasse growes.
Then the Mower knowes,
what to do with his Sithe:
And when the Farmer sowes,
Then the Parson knowes
he shall have a Tithe.

When the Buckes take the Does,
Then the VVarriner knowes,
there are Rabbets in breeding:
And when the Bag showes,
Then the Milke maid knowes
the Cow hath good feeding.

WHen the day peepeth,
And the Husbandman sleepeth,
he looseth the gaine of the morning,
But when the Ducke quaketh,
And Sim his Susan waketh,
take heed of working for horning,

When the Bell ringeth,
And Robin-redbrest singeth,
vp maids and make cleane your Dairy;
But if ye lye and stretch ye,
Vutill the lazy catch ye,
take heed that ye meete not the Fairy.

C₃

Madrigals.

When the Cow loweth,
And Cocke-a-doodle croweth,
vp maids and put on your raiment:
For if ye keepe your beds
Till ye loofe your maiden heads,
take heed of a forty weeks paiment.

But when the Starre shooteth,
And the Owle hooteth,
to bed then and take your ease:
But when ye would rest,
Take heed in your nest,
ye find not worse varmin then sleas.

When the Dogge howleth,
And your Dame scowleth,
then wenches take heed of soule weather:
Butwhen the Mouse peepeth,
And your Dame sleepeth,
then laugh and be merry togither.

When the Watch walketh,
And at the doore talketh,
Lads and Guirles, looke to your doores;
Then to bed roundly,
And fleepethere as foundly,
as if ye were all knaues and whores.

VV. Hen a man is old,
And the wether blowes cold,
well fare a fire and a fur'd Gowne:

-Madrigals.

But when he is young, And his blood new sprung, his sweete hart is worth halfe the Towne.

When a Maid is faire,
In her smocke and haire,
who would not be glad to woeher:
But when she goes to bed,
To loose her maiden-head,
how kindly her Good-man goes to her

When the Grasse doth spring,
And the Birds gin to sing,
take heed of St. Valentines day;
Least while ye reioyce,
In lighting on your choyce,
ye make not ill worke before May.

When the Sunnes shines bright,
And the Day is light,
then Shepheards abroad with your slocks:
But if the Heyser play,
And the Heard be away,
take heed the Bull prooue not an Oxe.

When the Corne is ripe,
And the Straw makes a pipe,
then to it with the Sithe and the Sickle.
But when ye make the stacke,
If ye lye on your backe,
take heed how ye laugh till ye tickle.

Madrigals.

When the Apples fall,
And the Patridges call,
Then Farmers have home with your Corne:
But when ye make your Mowes,
Take heed to your Cowes,
they beare not a sheafe on a horne.

When the trees doe bud,

And the Kids chew the cud,
then fall to your digging and fowing:
But if your feede be nought,
Or your worke be ill wrought;
then blame not the ground for ill growing.

When the Sunne is downe,
And the Guess come to towne,
long transilers lightly are weary.
But if mine Oste be a good fellow,
And mine Ostesse be not yellow;
who then would not laugh and be merry.

In the month of May,
Is a pretty play,
is called youths wooing;
But long it will not last,
For when that May is past,
there will be no doing.

For loue is so quicke, He stands on a pricke, that likes no delaying:

For idle excuses,
Are but loues abuses,
that marke all the Maying.

The squint of an eye,
May oftlooke awry,
infancies new fashion:
But winke and shake the head,
And the colour once dead,
there is the true passion.

When the eye reedeth,
How the hart bleedeth,
in filence true teares:
Then eafily may the mind,
If that it be not blind,
fee what the spirit beares.

For passions staid lookes,
Are Truths only books,
where kindnesse best reedeth;
The time and the place,
In beauties best grace,
how loue euer speedeth.

VV Hen the time of the yeare,
Doth cal for good cheere,
why should we not laugh and be merry;
When a Cup of good Sacke,
That hurts not the backe,
will make the cheeks red as a Cherry.

D

When the thred is all spun,
And the worke is all done,
why should not the work-folkes go play:
When a pot of good Ale,
And a merry old tale,
would passe the time smoothly away.

When the Medowes are growne,
And the Grasse abroad throwne,
for shame give the wench a green gowne,
But when the Haruest is in,
And the Bread in the Bin,
then, Piper play laugh and lyc downe.

When my Dame fals to Bake
A Pudding and a Cake,
will make cheare in Bowles;
But when the Oyle of Malt,
Makes the heeles for to halt,
take heed of your lop heavy Nowles.

IN the olde time,
When an odde-pumpe rime,
would have made a Dog laugh:
And the Offesse of the Swan,
Would swinge her good Man,
with a good quarter staffe.

When more then a good many, Had nine: Egges a penny, and Corne was fixe pence a strike;

Then true blinde deuotion, Brought such to promotion, As neuer I hope will be like.

When the Cat kild the Mouse,
And the Dog kept the house,
and all was wholesome and cleanely;
And Iohn and his Ioane,
Did line of their owne,
full merily, though but all meanely.

When Beefe, Bread and Beere, Was honest mens cheere, and welcome and spare not: And the Man kist the Maid, And was not affraid, come who will I care not.

When right should have reason,
In time, place and season,
and Truth was beleeved;
When these things did go thus,
Which Truth doth not show vs,
then Charity slourisht:
When love and good Nature
In every Creature,
a kind Spirit nourisht.

But if that it were so,
As many do seare no,
that some were sore blinded;

Niadrigals.

What ever the cause was, Tis now at another passe, men are otherwise minded.

For fuch as haue prooued,

VVhat is to beloued,

will euer be heedfull:

That nothing be wanting,

Though fomewhat be scanting,

to comfort the needfull.

And therefore no matter,
How ere fooles do flatter,
their wits with their will;
I wish the time present,
In all true contemtment,
to stay with vs still.

IF the day were as long as the yeare,
And the Gossips were making good cheere,
they would thinke the time were but short:
But if they fall to brawling and scolding,
And the Beggars be at the vpholding,
oh there would be delicate sport.

If the Apples were once in the fire,

Each Gossip had her pot by her,

and enery one to her tale:

And the Wise that went once for a maid,

Would tell what trickes she had plaid,

oh there would be worke for whole sale.

Madrigais.

If the Wine once did worke in the braine,
And the Wenches were right in the vaine,
then talke of the reckoning to morrow;
Let Husbands take care for their wives,
And Gossips make much of their lives,
tuey are sooles that will dye for forrow.

T was my hap of late by chance, oh pretty chance; To meet a Country Moris-dance, oh pretty dance. When cheefest of them all the foole, oh pretty foole: Plaied with a Ladle and a toole, oh pretty toole: When every Younker shak'r his Bels, oh pretty Bels; Till sweating feete, gaue fohing smels, oh fohing smels. And fine Maide-Marian with her smoile, oh pretty smoile: Shew'd how a Rascall plaid the Roile, oh pretty Roile. But when the Hobby-horse did wihy, oh pretty wihy; Then all the Wenches gaue a tihy, oh pretty tihy. But when they gan to shake their Boxe, oh pretty Boxe: And not a Goose could catch a Foxe, oh pretty Foxe.

The

Signes and Tokens.

The Piper then put vp his pipes, oh pretty pipes; And allthe VVoodcoks lookt like Snipes, oh pretty Snipes.

And therewith fell a showry streame, oh pretty streame: That I awakt out of my dreame.

That I awakt out of my dreame, oh scuruy dreame.

Signes and Tokens.

VV Hen Charing-Crosse and Pauls Church meet, And breake their fast in Friday street: When Ware and Waltham goe to Kent Togither, there to purchase Rent. When Islington and Lambeth loyne, To make a voyage to the Groine: And Southwarke with St. Katherines gree, To ride in post to Couentry: When Turmele-street and Clarken-well, Haue sent all Bawdes and Whores to Hell: And Long-ditch, and Long-lane do try, Antiquities for honefly; And Newgate weepes, and Bridewell greeues, For want of Beggars, Whores, and Theeues. And Tyburne doth to Wapping sweare, Shall neuer more come Hang-man there: When blinde men fee, and dumbe men read, Which feemes impossible indeed. And by all rules that I can fee, I thinke in truch will neuer be.

Then

Then, then ye may fay then, Knaues now will be honest men.

VV Hen Youth and Beauty meet togither, theres worke for Breath; But when they both begin to wither, theres worke for Death.

When Loue and Honor worke togither, theres worke for Fame; But when they both begin to wither, theres worke for shame.

When Hope and Labour go togither, theres worke for gaine, But when they both begin to wither, theres worke for paine.

When Wit and Vertue worke togisher, their work goes well; But when they both begin to wither, theres worke for Hell.

Let then perfections line togither, and worke for praise. For when their worke begins to wither, their worth decaies.

IF all Rules of Phisicke, Had onely help for the Tisicke; And all Chirurgeries ground, Were for the healing of one wound. Signes and Tokens.

And allkind of preaching, Were but for one Parish teaching, And all kind of diet. To keepe one tongue in quiet. And all kind of pleasures, Were but for one mans treasures: And all kind of learning, Were for one points discerning; And all kind of disputing. Were for one points confuting. And all kind of writing, Were for one mans delighting: If there should be such a season, All so to go against reason; Which I thinke neuer to see, Let them that know thinke what will be, I/V Hen the Rich are all agreed,

On the purses of the poore to seede:
And the wise men finde out sooles Lands,
To get them all into their hands.
And Wenches haue tricks with their cics,
To catch men, as Candles do Flies:
And Swagrers make the high-way,
The cheefest part of their stay.
When Bawds and Whores study the Art,
To scape the Whip and the Cart;
And Cut-pursses all take their oathes,
To keepe the Hang-man in cloathes.
When thus the Deuill doth lurke,
To fall with the world to his worke:
Which would be a great for row to see,
Pray, that it may neuer be.

Qa. WHy Should a rich man become a Theefe? Because the sweete of gaine ouercomes his Que. Why (bould any man want Mony? (sence. An. Because some spend it faster then they can get it. Que, Why are old folkes in love? An. Because ease breeds idlenesse. Que. Why is Tobacco in such esteeme? An. Because it dries vp Rheume, and spends drinke. Que. Why do so many people wse gaming? An. Because they want wit for better exercise Que. Why is a Cuckold patient? An. Because of profit or feare. Que. Why are men iealous of their wives? An. Because they are Fooles. Que. Why are offenders punisht? An. To keepe the Subiects in peace. Que. Why are Gallants flattered? An, For a Fooles pride, and a Knaues profit. Que. Why do Children cry? An. Because they know not what they would have. Que. Why doe Beggars skold? An. Because they are commonly drunke. Que. Why doc Apes counterfeit men? An. Because men counterfeit Apes. Que. Why are Lawes ordained? An. To giue euery man his right. Qu. Why are their such delaies in their execution? An. Because there are so many causes to dispatch. Que. What makes wares deere in the world? An. The multitude of people, Que.

Qui. And what makes cheapnesse?

An. Aboundance.

Qu. Where is the best dwelling in the world?
An. In a mans owne house.

Qu. And where is the best being for all men?
An. In Heauen.

Qu. What is of most esteeme in the world?

An. Mony.

Qu. What is the least cared for of a great many?
An. Conscience.

Qu. Why is honesty with many held a Iest?

A. Because there are so sew honest in earnest.
Qu. Which is the best ground to plant on?

An. That which is a mans owne.

Qu. why should Beggars line without labour? As. Because their Mony comes in easily.

Qu. Why do Gamsters fall out so oft?

An. Because losse breeds impatience.
Qu. 11 hy are rich men most sickly?

An. Because they take to much ease.

Qu. What is the best Phisicke for all Matures?
An. Motion.

Qu. When is best taking Phisicke?

An. When one is sicke.

Qu. What sicknesse is most dangerous ?

An. The Plague.

Qu. What most unsightly?

An. The Poxe.

Qu. What most continuing?

An. The Ague.

Qu. What most incurable?

An. The Gout. Ou. What most painefull? An. The Tooth-ach. Qu. What most common? An. The Rheume. Qu. What is ill for the eye-fight? An. An Enemy. Qu. What is good for it? An. Gold. Qu. what is the fruit of Learning? An. Pride, pleasure, or profit. Qu. What is the honor of the Law? An. Iustice. Qu. What is the Glory of the Law? An. Mercy. Qu. And what is the force of the Law? An. Obedience. Qu. VVhat makes Lawvers rich? An. Contentions of Clients. Qu. What makes Magistrates honorable? An. Execution of Iustice. Qu. What is the poore mans happine se? An. Patience. Qu. And what is the wife mans wealth An. Content.

Qu. VV hy are faire women most loued?

An. Because mens eies marre their wits.

Qu. VV hy do wisemen keepe Fooles?

An. To exercise their Charity.

Qu. VV hy are Divines most worthy Reverence?

An. Because they are the mouths of Code.

An. Because they are the mouths of God vnto his Qu. VV hy are so many Sects in Religion? (people.

Ano

An. Because the Deuil sowes sedition in the Church. Que. Why do many befoole themselves with Idolatry? A. Because blindnes in deuotio breeds indiscretion. Que why should wife men be undone by suretiship? An. Because their loue exceeds their wits. Ou. Why are men undone by women? An. Because they had rather be slaves then free-men. Que. Why do many Louers grow franticke? An. Because they seek that which is hard to be found. Que. Why do mad men talke so much? A. Because their tongues wag with the wind of their Que. Why are honest harts most crossed? (brainc. An. To try their patience. Qu:. When are the patient most happy? An. At the houre of Death: Que. What is the greatest feare in the world? An. To dye. Que. What is the greatest greefe? An. Want. Que. Why do Phisitions die? An. Because Death is to cunning for them. Que. Why doe men cry out vpon Fortune? An. To excuse their follies. Que. Why do Labourers sing? An. For the hope of their wages. Que. Why dowise men take thought? An. Because their wits are oppressed. Que. Why are fooles full of Mony? An. Because tis their baby to play withall. Que. Why do Misers build faire houses? An. To mocke Beggars.

Que. why doe Beggars loue their drinking?

Cobs talke with Wifedome.

An. Because it is an exercise of Idlenesse.

Que. Why do Scolds love scolding?

An. Because it is their natural Musique.

Que. Why do not Theeves feare hanging?

An. Because it is so easie a punishment.

Que. Why doe not the wicked feare God?

An. Because they are to great with the Deuill.

Que. Why are the vertuous most happy.

An. Because their ioyes are in heaven.

Cobs talke with Wisedome.

Ome Wisedome, let me speake with thee a word or two, Some bleffed Lesson reade to me what I shall do: What faist thou? First, that Christ his Crosse must be my speede: My labour else would be but losse, what ere I reade. With Alpha then I must begin to finde a friend: To lead me from the way of sinne to comforts end; And in Omega reade the last of all my loue, Wherein my foule all forrow past, her ioy may proue: I must not sinne, I cannot chuse, ah wo is me, To take the ill and good refuse, throughwant of thee.

Cobs talke with Wisedome.

In Youth I scorned thine aduice, now I am old,

I hold thy counsaile in more price then purest Gold:

Thou readst me patience, I confesse it easeth paine,

But little hope yet of redresse, thereby I gaine:

Thou readst me penitence for sinne, with sorrowes sinart,

Oh there the forrow doth begin that wounds my hart.

Thou readst me hope to heale my wound. with forrowes teares;

But conscience makes my hart to swound, with sorrowes searcs:

Thou readst me Faith, to hold my Hope on Mercies Grace,

But when that Faith the gate would ope, feare hides my face.

Thou readst me love, the line of life that leades to blisse;

But hatefull sinne hath wrought the strife, where no loue is.

Thou readst me Truth yet in the word, that failes no trust:

But it doth onely Grace affoord vnto the just.

Thou readst me Mercy, yet will heale the wounded hart:

To Mercy then let me appeale, to cute my smart.

Cobs talkewith Wisedome.

And with true faithfull penitence,
to forrow fo;
That Hope with happy patience,
to Heauen may go:
And there with Ioy at Mercies gate
receive that Grace,
Where never Soule that thou dost hate,
may have a place.

FINIS

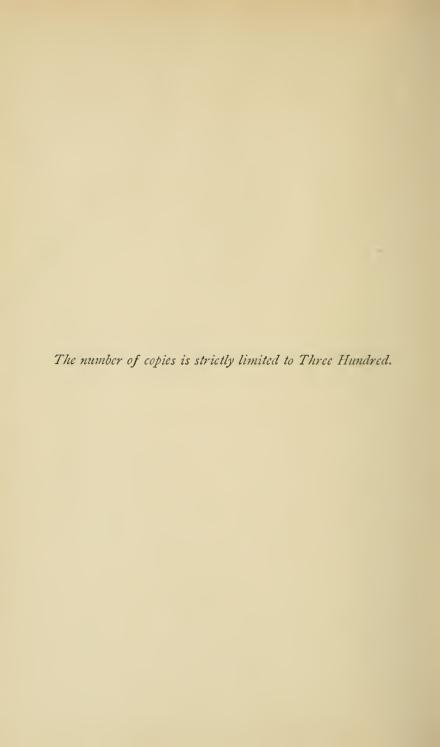






ANTIENT DROLLERIES.

(No. 2.)



ANTIENT DROLLERIES.

(No. 2.)

Pimlyco, or, Runne Red-Cap.

TIS A MAD WORLD AT HOGSDON.

1609.

REPRODUCED IN FACSIMILE
BY

THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS,

WITH A PREFACE

BY

A. H BULLEN.

OXFORD:

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION

1891.

Oxford

HORACE HART, PRINTER TO THE UNIVERSITY

PREFACE.

HOGSDON, or HOXTON, a not very cheerful quarter of the town to-day, was formerly a favourite resort of holiday-makers. It was noted for cakes, custards, and "Pimlico" ale.

The origin of the name "Pimlico" has been discussed from time to time in Notes and Queries, but more light is still needed. It is usually stated that a person named Pimlico kept a place of entertainment at Hoxton, and that the place was afterwards called by his name. In the first volume of the first series of Notes and Oueries Edward F. Rimbault quoted from Newes from Hogsdon, 1598,-"Have at thee [sic] then, my merrie boyes, and hey for old Ben Pimlico's nut browne." I have never seen the Newes (which Rimbault described as unique); and I should have been inclined to regard the quotation as spurious if Rimbault had not expressly stated that he wrote with the tract before him. In early seventeenth century plays there are many references to the place Pimlico, and to Pimlico ales; but I cannot recall any mention of Ben Pimlico.

On 15th April 1609 "a book called *Pimlico or Runne Red Capp* tis a mad world at *Hogsden*" was

entered by the publisher John Busby in the Stationers' Register (Arber's Transcript); and on 24th April the same publisher entered "a ballad called Haue with you to Pimlico." Both the book and the ballad were transferred on 3rd May to William Barley. The ballad may be extant, but I have never seen it; the "book" is here reproduced, among our Antient Drolleries, for the amusement of curious readers.

The anonymous writer describes with much gusto how people of every degree flocked to Hogsden to drink the Pimlico ales. Play-goers deserted the Fortune and the Bull for the attractions of Pimlico:—

"Each afternoone thy House being full,
Makes Fortune blind, or Gelds The Bull." (Sig. D. 2.)

In 1609, when our tract appeared, Pimlico seems to have reached the height of its prosperity; for in 1610 Ben Jonson, in *The Alchemist* (v. 1), speaks of its notoriety as a thing of the past:—

"Gallants, men and women,
And of all sorts, tag-rag, been seen to flock here
In threaves, these ten weeks, as to a second Hogsden,
In days of Pimlico and Eye-bright¹."

But for many years afterwards, as we learn from the pages of Shirley, Jasper Mayne, Glapthorne, &c.,

^{1 &}quot;Eyebright" is mentioned in our tract:-

[&]quot;Eyebright, (so fam'd of late for Beere)
Although thy Name be numbred heere,
Thine ancient Honors now runne low;
Thou art struck blind by Pimlyco."

Pimlico continued to be a place of entertainment. A correspondent of Notes and Queries (6th Series, 9, 296) quoted from A New Dictionary of the Terms, Ancient and Modern, of the Canting Crew (n. d., early eighteenth century),—"Pimlico.—A noted Cake-house formerly, but now converted into a Bowling-green of good repute at Hogsden near London." To this day the name is preserved in Pimlico Walk, a narrow alley leading from High Street, Hoxton, to the Church 1.

If I were in the mood for annotation, the little tract here reproduced would afford ample opportunities; but I refrain. In this short series of Antient Drolleries I propose to give mere reprints of quaint out-of-the-way tracts. The series will, I trust, be useful to those who are studying or editing Elizabethan Writers. Shakespearean editors may notice that the present tract testifies to the popularity of Pericles (printed in the same year, 1609):—

"(As at a New-play) all the Roomes

'(As at a New-play) all the Roomes
Did swarme with Gentiles mix'd with Groomes.
So that I truly thought, all These
Came to see *Shore*, or *Pericles*." (SIG. C.)

¹ The Pimlico in the West is of later date than Pimlico, Hoxton. Cunningham gives some extracts from the books of the overseers of the poor for St. Martin's in the Fields, dated 1626 to 1630; and these are said to supply the earliest notices of the Western Pimlico. There is a hamlet named Pimlico in Oxfordshire, and there is (or was) a Pimlico in Dublin. A small West Indian island bears the name; and in Barbadocs there was "a strange bird the Pemlico, which presageth storms."

Shore is, I suppose, Heywood's Edward IV.

Pimlico is a rare tract. Our reprint is from the copy¹ in the Malone collection, Bodleian library. Malone's is the only copy that I know, but probably others are extant. There was a copy among the books that Robert Burton (Democritus Junior) bequeathed to the Bodleian, but it seems to have disappeared. I know not what became of Heber's copy.

169, New Bond Street, London, 14th August, 1891.

¹ I thought there would be no harm in reproducing the portrait of Elinour Rummin (which is bound up with Malone's copy) from the 1624 edition of Skelton's well-known poem.

ELINOVR RVMMIN,

The famous Ale-wife of England.

Written by Mr. Skelton, Poet Laureat to King

Henry the egiht



When Skelton wore the Lawrell Crowne, My Ale put all the Ale-wives downe.

LONDON

Printed for Samuel Rand 1624.





PIMLYCO.

Or, Runne Red-Cap.

Tis a mad world at Hogsdon.



AT LONDON,

Trinted for fo: Busbie, and Geo: LOFTIS, and are to bee sould vnder St.

Peters Church in Cornehill. 1009.

(***)

TO TO THE POST OF Patrono Pimlyconico.

Facie Claro, Facetijs Raro, Thoma Normano.

LL hayle, (ô Tom Norman,) A I make thee, the Foreman

Of Pimlyco Iury:

You are charge to enquire Sir, What kindles that fire fir,

That burnes with fuch fury.

What fire doe you suppose sir? Tis the fire of your Nose fir,

Which your Face beares about.

For (like to the fornace,

That glowes in the Glasse-house,)

It never goes out.

To keepe that hye Colour, And make it looke fuller,

You shall dieit in graine sire

Of the Pimlyco Iuice, If you get the right vie,

O how well will it staine sir.

I create you Sole Patron Of the Pimlyco Squadron

choose therefore Ale-cunners.

That now against Easter, (If you purpose to seast there)

may be your fore-runners:

Hoyst then vp your Sayle sir,

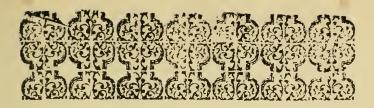
For rich Pimlyco Ale sir,

That cullors like Roses.

With your Copper Seale, marke fir, All those that Embarke sir,

For Pimlyco-Nofes.

Vade, Vale, Caue ne titubes.



To all Trauellers.

Ou that weare out your lives and weary your bodies, in Discourse of strange Countries, (been for pleasure or profite) Kig out a Fleet, and make a Voiage to an Iland which could never be found out by the Portugals, Spaniards, or Hollanders, but on-

ly (and that now of late) by Englishmen. The name of it is Pinlyco, Here have I drawne a large Map of it: by this Chart, may you in a few houres, and with little or no winde, ariue in the very mouth of the Hauen. Some that have travelled thither, affirme it to be a part of the Continent, but the better fort of Nauigators say, it is an Iland: full of people it is, and they are very wilde, the women beeing able to endure more, and to doe better Service than the men. Diversare of opinion, that it is an inchanted Iland, and haunted with strange Spirits; for the people there, once every Moone, are either starke mad, or else loose their owne shapes, and are transformed into Beasts, yet within twelue houres, recover their wittes and shapes againe. The Pimlyconians are most of them Malt-men, and exceeding good fellowes, all their delight beeing in Eating and Drinking; they live not long, for a man can hardly stay amongest them two dayes: if he doe, he is in great danger, by reason of a certaine disease, (which the Iland naturally breedes) called the Staggers, through which, many of them come to their Downe-fall, or if they scape that then are they in feare to be made away by Smallshot, in discharging of which, the Pimlyconians are very active and cunning.

The

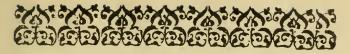
To all Trauellers.

The Iland begins now to be as rich as it is populous: fish hath bin sildome taken there, but slesh is better cheape then Mackrell here. Wilde Duckes and wilde Geele slie there vp and downe in aboundance: you may have a Goose sowe'd in Pimlyco, for the value of twelve pence sterling. Woodcockes (in many moneths of the yeere) are to be catched there by whole dozens. It is full of fatte pasture, and thats the reason such multitudes of young Colts runne there. A hot Climate it is, and by that meanes the people are subject to infection, which takes them first in the Head, and so falls downe into their legges, and those fayling, they are (in a maner) gone. The Governour of the Iland hath much adoe to keepe himselfe vptight, so that he is compelled to give those that are under him, often times very Hard measure, yet are they so unruly, that every houre one or other goes to the Pot,

Thus have I given you a taste, both of the People and of the Countrie; if you sayle thither, you may drinke of deeper knowledge: But take heed you take a skilfull Pilot with you; be fraighted with as much wit as you can carry aboord, for all will be little enough to bring you from thence, and take heede what Lading you take in

Merchants. Pay thankes for my Councell,
and thinke well of my Pimlyconian
Discoucrie.

Farewell.





Rees that of late (like walted Heyres, D2 like old men, bayed bp with cares,) Stood pozely, now loke freth e grane. As Banck-rupts new fet vp agen.

Medowes that whileme barren tap, (Doze naked than the trodden way,) Wileare garments now, woven all of Flowers, And waite on Flora in her Bowers, Shepheards that burft not, (for the colo,) The Snowie heads of Hills behold, Dow (beftly piping) from cole Fountaines, Lean Lambes and Kiddes on to the Mountaines. The Day, when all Birdes hold their Weddings, (Daunting Loue-measures in soft Treddings,) Is pall : The Yeare bib it religne, In bonour of Saint Valentine. And note his Fethered Couples ling, Their Nuptiall Songs before the Spring. The Vernall Gates are fet mide open, And firem's with Flowers and Herbes, in token That May (Loues Queene) is comming in, Wilho 12. fall @ ones hath absent bin. In this bwet beafon, from my beb, I earely rofe, being wakened By'th beating of a Golden flame, Wahich (to me) in at window came. Hoz from bis Pallace in the Eaft, The King of Light in Purple dzek, (bet thicke with Bold and precious Stone, Wilbich like a Rocke of Diamond honne,)

Description of the Spring.

Description of the Sun-rifing.

Mas dialone along heab'ns Silver way. Bop the 4. Horfes of the Day. And as the Chariot mounted higher, The Sun-god fæm'o to rive in fire, Forth came be in this brane aborning. To court his Lone (the Rofie Morning.) The Chaines of Pearle about her necke, De toke from ber bimfelle to berke. They were her facours and he wore them Will night, and did agen reftoze them. The wonders (of bn-valued worth.) Wilhich thefet wo wrought, intic's mee forth: Weary with walking, downe I threw Dy bodie, on a bancke where grew The pretty Dazie, (Eye of Day,) The Prime-Rofe tohich does firtt difulay Wer youthfull colours, and firft dies ; , Beautie and Death are Enemies. Cowflips forung likewise bere and there, Cach blade of graffe (fliffe as a Speare) Standing bpright to anard the Flowers, As if they had ben their Paramoures, Anon a Yonker and his Laffe, Wight I fe waltling on the Graffe, Sha livoze tha would not fall, and pet bbæ fell, and bid a Greene-Gowne get, (A Greene-gowne, but no Gowne of Greene.) At length (in Couples) moze were fane: Dom ran, some walked, and some sat killing. Pothing was loff, but what was milling So clofe they iopno in their Delights, That they allsem'd Hermaphrodites, Da rather Mermaides on the land. We cause the Shees had th'byper hand. They grae'd the fields, the fields them grae'd. For tho none were in order plac'de, But fat (as Flowers in Barbens grow) Thinly, which makes the braver how.

Pet (like so many in one Roome,)
All sam'd to weave within a loome,
Some curious piece whose beautie trands,
on the rare Skill of sunday hands.

As thus they fat, and I them faw. A Frame (as rare) mine cies dio dalo (With wonder) to behold a farre. The brightnes of the Kingdomes * Starre: Athousand Steples, Turrets, Towers, (Longings, all fit for Emperours,) Lifted their proud heads bone the Shie, As if they had fole Soueraigntie, Dz'e all the Buildings in the Land, And fem'o on Hilles of Gould to ffant. for the Suns Beames on them being hed, They thewed like Mynes new burnifbed. Upon the Left hand and the Right, Two * Townes (like Citties) feb the Sight, With pleasure and with admiration. Hoz (as they fland) they beare proportion, As to an Armic boe the Wings, (The maine Battalion led by Kings.)

Wine eve bis objects could not barv. Ver toke delight here fill to tarry, But not knowing bow to weare out time, By chance I found a Booke in Ryme, Wait in an age when few wapt well, Pans Bipe (tobere none is) Boes ercell.) Dlearned Gower! It was not thine, Poz Chaucer, (thou art moze Divine.) To Lydgates grave I hould do wrong. To call him by by fuch a Song. Po. It was One, that (boue his Fate,) Mould be Styl'd Poet Laureace: Buch like to Some in thefe our dates. That (as bold Prologues boto Playes,) With Garlonds have their Fore-heads bound, Pet onely empty Sculles are crownbe:

* London.

* Islington,& Hogsdon,

Skelton.

Dz like to these (sking others hye)
Will at so, tho their Searc they buy,
And all it by with loathed Scozne,
fit Burdens being by them not bozne,
But sking their Trappings rich and gay,
The Sumpter-Horsestrudge away,
Sweating themselness to death to beare them,
When pope lades (drawing the Plough) outweare

(them. But all this while we have fozgot Dur Poer: tho I nam'dehim not, Butonly thoulo his Rymes recite, These (all would cry) did Skelton waite. A tournde fome leaves and red them o'ze, And at last speed his Elynor, Dis Elynor, whose fame spred faile, All England through for Mappe Ale. Elynor Rumming warmoe his wit With Ale, and his Rimes paide for it. But fæing thou takit the Laurears name (Skelton) 3 inftly the may blame, Because thou leau at the Sacred Fount, For Liquor of lo bale account. Det (3 remember) euen the Prince Df Woelie, with his ven (long lince) Ledde to a fielde, the Mice and Frogges; Dithers have ball'd out bokes of Dogges: Dur Dinine Maro spent much ople About a Gnat. Dne kops a cople With a poze Flea (Naio, inhose wit Brought him by Phæbus fide to fit.) Since then thefe Rare-ones flack'd their Erings. From the bie-tuned ads of Kings Foz notes lo low, leffe is thy Blame, Foz in their pardon frands the Name. Let's therefoze lead our eyes allray, And from our owne intended may, Go backe to view thine Hoffelle picture, Talbom thus thou draw's in lively coloure.

Skeleons

Skeltons tunning of Elynor Rumming.

Tell you I chill,
If that you will
I while be fill,
Of a comely Iyll,
That dwelt on a hill,
But thee is somwhat lage,
And well worne in age,
for her vilage
It would allwage
Amans Lorage.

Herloathlyleare
Isnothing cleare
But vgly of cheare.
Droopy and drowly,
Scurucy and lowly,
Herface all bowly,
Comely trinckled,
Wonderly wrinckled,
Like a roaft Higs eare
Briffled with heare.

Herlewdlippes twaine. They Slauer men layen, Libearopp rayne, Agummy glayre: Shee is byly faire, Her note some=deale hooked And camoully crooked,

23 3

Deuer

Beuerftopping, Butener dzopping Ber Skinloofe and flacke, Gravnedlike a Sacke, with a crooked backc.

Her epen gowndy, Arefull, unfowndr, Forthep are bleared, And thee grapheared, Zawedlike a Jetty, Aman would have pitty, To fee how thees gummed, Fingerd and thumbed; Gentlye Toynted. Greafed and annointed, Up to the knuckles, The bones her buckles, Cogether made falt, Her youth is far past: Footedlike a Plane, Leggeslike a Crane, And yet thee will Jet, Like a Tolly Set, In her fur'd flocket And grap ruffet rocket, ndith Simper the cocket.

Her Huke of Lincolne greene, Achaducenehers Iweene, Abore than fortie yeare, And so it doth appeare: And the arcene bare threds Looke like Sere weedes,

Withered like bap.

The wooll worne away, And pet I dare fap, Sheethinks her lelfe gap Upon the holliday, when thre doth her array. And girdeth in her getes, Stitched a pranched with pletes: Her Kittle Bristow red. with cloaths bypon her head. That they wer a sowe of lead, waithen in a wonder wife, Alter the Sarazens gile, with a whim wham, knit with a trim tram, Uponher braine pan Like an Egiptian, Capped about, mohen thee goeth out, Ber felle for to frew, Shee draweth downe the dew. with a paire of heeles, Asbroad as two wheeles, Shee hobbles as thee goes, with her blancket hole, Her shoone smeard with tallow, Greafed uppon bi t, That daubeth the Skirt. Primus Passus.

And this comely Dame, I buderstand her name Is Elynor Rumming, At home in her wouning: And as men say

Shee dwelt in Sothray, In a certen stede Beside Lederhede, Shee is a tonnish giv, The Deuill and shee be Sib.

T keo and smilde, but at the last, Las toward the towne mine eye I call, In minaled fromes I might beholde Momen and men (some yong, some olde) Like to a Spring-ride, arongly flowing Mo Hogsdon, not one backward going. Dutof the Citty rufb'o the Areame, A while (me thought) I did but dzeame, Mhat I faw people, till at lact, Hogidon oze-flowoe, it iwel'o fo fait. 3 mulbe that from the Citty benturbe Such heaves: for tho the Spring was enterde. They flock's not thus to heare the Tunc Dfthatbird who fings best in lune, (Belip's the Cuckoe) as yet ber note Shee had not perfect, but by rote : Re durft hæling pet, being not able In Englift, but in --- to gabble. Por was it like they made thefe throngs, To beare the Nightingals fad fonge, For Luft (in thefe bayes) beares fuch vice, They are but mock's that checke that Vice. Still moze and moze this Sea brake in.

Pet ebb'o in one belse houre agen,
The Voyagers that first vid Vaile,
(Pauing their Lading) homeward saile.
But with a stoe-winde were they driven,
Pet all cast anchor in one Pauen.
Ap went my sailes. With much adw,
In the same Port I anchorde tw.
Being landed there, all I could finde

Was this, They came to hunt the Hinde. Into their Parke I forthwith went. Being entred, all the apre was rent With a most strange confused novse. That founded nothing but mere bopce. Amazoe & Awd to fe a Crowd Df Civill Throats Acetch Dout fo lomb: (As at a New-play) all the Roomes Did (marme with Gentiles mir'd with Groomes. So that I truly thought, all These Came to fee Shore, or Pericles. And that (to have themselves well plac'd) Thus brought they viaualis (they feo fo faft) But then (agen ma thought) This shoale Smom thither for Bakers boale Da Brewers, and that for their foules fakes. They thus were feru'd with Ale and cakes: Foz lugs of Ale came ræling in. As if the Pors had baunkards bin.

A Tayler (that had narrow eyes Through fumes that by to his braines did rise). Bot Tupth'arme, (chilozen they fay, And foles and Donkerds, truth beman) Dim therefoze I delirde to thow Willby all these met. — Tis Pimlyco-My Friend, Tis Pimlyco (he crybe) And no worde could I act befide. This made me madder then befoze, I alk'd another, and beelwoze Zoundes - I'me ten strong in Pimlyco -What's that faibe 3 ? -- flowr Pinilyco --And backe, at least the pardes be ricles,-Pimlyco trips vp good mens heeles (Lisping) hecryes, and downe he falls, Det for more imlyco - fill be calls.

Wahat Pimlyco hould meane I wondzed, Because so lowd that mozd Aill thundred From all their throats through all their cares,

H

At length, a reverend man (whose yeares Had tourn'd his head and beard all gray, And came but to beholde That Play, And not to ach himselse The Vice)

Eolde all the Dronken Misteries.

And that the Ale got such high Fame,
Duly by that fond, sencelesse Name.

3 langh'o to fee a World (fo wife, So subtile in all Villanies, So (corning to be laugh'd to (corne) Should be so dzownde with Ale in Corne Bet fince in Hogidon all ran mad. I playbe the Mad-manto, and hab Sp lug bzought in, a bzaught oz twaine Babe fuch hot boyling in my braine. That (faster then their Pots were filoe) From my Invention were distille Verses in Pimlyco's high prayle, Pimlyco crownbemy bead with bayes. Foz Graight I feltmy felfe a Poet, And (like some fooles) in Rime must thow it. Betfirft Atournde o'ze Skeltons Rimes With those mad times to weigh aur Times, And try how Elynor Rummings Ale, Was Brew'd; and Drawne, and fet to Sale, Wihat Guests Drunk there, and what Drinke heere, In this wilde Lancskip Shall appeare.

But tomake upmptale,
She beneth nappy Ale,
And maketh thereof poort fale,
To tranaplers, to typikers,
To sweaters, to swinkers,
And all good Ale deinkers,
That will nothing spare,
But deinke till they stare,

And bring them selves bare. with now away the Mare, And let vs flay care, As wife as an hare. Lome who so will To Elynor on the hill, with fill the Cupfill. And at thereby Aill. Barly and late. Thither commeth Kate, Cisley and Sare, with their legges bare, And also their fect, Hardly full busweet. With their heeles daggeb. Their kirtles all to lauged, Their smockes all to ragged, mith titters and tatters. Bzing dishes and platters, with all their might running, To Elynor Rumming, To have of her Tunning, Shee leaueth them of the hame,

And thus beginneth the game.
Some wenches come bubtated,
with their naked pappes,
That flippes and flappes,
It wigges and it wagges,
Like tawner faffron bagges,
A fort of fowle drabbes,
Mil farmy with Cabbes,
Some be fly bitten,
Some fkewd as a kitten,

1 2

Some

Dome with a shoor clowte. Binde their heads about, Some haue no haire lace, Their lockes about their face. Their trelles butruft, All ful of buluff, Somelooke firawiy. Some cawly mawly, Full untidy tegges, Like rotten egges, Such alewd fort. To Elinor resort, From tyde to tyde: Abide, abide. And to you shalbe told. Howher Aleisfold. Comamt and to molde. Secundus Passus.

Some have no momer, That thither commy, for their Ale to pay, That is a shrewd aray. Elinour tweared, nay Peeshall not beare away Nor Ale for nought By him that me bought.

With her dog hay, Haue these dogges away, with get me a staffe, The fwine eate my draste, Strike the hogs with a club, (tub, They have drunke by my swilling For be there never so much prease,

These swine goe to the hre Dese. The fow with her pigges, The Bose his taile weignes Maainst the bre bench. with fo, there is a flench, Gather by thou wench, Seelt thou not what is fall. Take by dzit and all, And beare out of the hall, God give it ill preuing. Clenip as euill cheuing. But let be turne playne. There wee left agayne, for agill a patch ag that. The hennes run in the malbiat, for they goeto rouft, Strapt ouer the Ale ioust, And dong when it comes In the Ale tonnes. Then Elinor taketh The mall boll, and haketh The hennes dong away, And skommeth it in a tray nohere as the Deft is, with her maungy fiftig: And sometimes the bleng, The dong ofher hennes And the Ale together, And faith Gollip come hither, This Ale shall be thicker, And floure the moze quicker, for I may tell pou, I learned it of a Jew, nohen £ 3

when I began to brew, Drinke now while it is new. And peemap it brooke, It shall make you looke Ponger than poubee Decres two or three. For peemay proue it byme, Behold the laid, and lee, Howbright Jam of blee, Ich am not cast away, That can my husband sap, When wee kille and play, In lust and in liking, He calleth me his whyting, His Mulling, and his Mittine His Mobbes and his Cunny, His freeting and his honny, With balle my pretty bonny, Thouart worth good and monny, Chis make I myfalyzefanny, Will that he dreame and dronny. For after all our sport, Than will bee ront and inozt, Then sweetly together we ipe, Astwo Diagesinaftpe. But we will turne playne, where we left agapne.

Tertius pallus.
In stead of copie and monny,
Some bring her a conny,
And some a pot with honny,
Some a salt, and some a spoone,
Some their hose, some their shoon.

Some

Some ran a good trot, with a skillet opa pot, &c.

Cum multis alys, qua nunc perseribere longum est.

> Hoc est Skeltonicum, Incipit Pimlyconicum.

F Pimlyco now let us fing, Rich Pimlyco, the new found Spring, Where men and women both together, To warme their vaines in frout weather, Where men and women hot blouds cole, By Dzincking Pimlycoes boyled poole. Strong Pimlyco, the nourithing foode Tomake men fat, and bzed pure blod; Deepe Pimlyco, the Well of Glee, That drawes by merry company. Bewitching Pimlyco, that tres The Rich and Poore, the Foole and Wife, All in one knot. Df that we write; Inspire pour Poet to indite, Dou Barlie Mules Pimlyconian, Descornes the Muses Helyconian; (Doze Soulest) they none but water dzincke, But Pimlyco deopt into his ynche, Dis lines Wall fige with merry gale, Be Musc is like to Pimlyco Ale. Pot the neat Mine De Orleans; Doz of Hebrian, (belt in France;) Rot Gascoigne, nor the Burdeux Vine, Por that inhich flowes from wift fote Rhyne; Bot Sheerys Sacks, noz Charnico, Peter Semine, noz Mallago, Pos th'Amber-colored Candie grape, Which druncke with Egges makes men to—Ape. Roz can the Greekish Vintage thow

A

A liquoz matching Pimlyco. Bet Hipocras (the bzinke of women.) 1202 Ballards (that are bere, but common,) Co; the fatlecherous Alligant, Mahole Juice repaires what Backes bee want. Do: Matere Dawne by Distillations, With medinable Dperations, As Rosa Solis, Agua Vita, And Nugs of Balme, fo quicke, and forighty: Do, northe Irth Viquebagh, Di inhich, the Keme whole pontes will quaffe. Strong Viquebagh'i that hotlier burnes Than Sackes, and white the Entraileg turnes. Por welfh Metheglyn, (browne as berry) Lancafbier Syder, Wlozsterfbier Perry, Por pet a draught of Darby Alc, 1202 mother Bunch, (long fince growne ffale.) Auz that old two-peny Ale of Pynder, That many a Porter oft did hinder From carrying Burdens, for (alacke !) The Ale had Arength to bzeake his backe.

Pozalithole Dzinkes of Pozthzen Climes, Withole Bzewings shall fill by our Kimes, Brant, Rensque, and the clare Romayne, The Belo, Crasso, and Patisane, Pecua (to them as is our Bare,)
With spice of Meades (wholsome, but vare)
As Meade Obarne, and Meade Cherunck,
And the vase Quasse by Pesants dzunck.
With all the rese that whet the spites
Of Russes and cold Muscouytes.
Pot all these Drinkes, noz thowsand mee,
Can reach the same of Pinlyco.

To prove (à Pimiyco) these thine honors, Armies each day spread Crimson banners, And with hye Colours, and quicke shot, Fight City till the field be got.
All Seres, all Degræs, all Pations,

All men of Arts oz Dicupations,
(As if foz gayne to some great Fayse,)
Onely foz Ale to the repayse.
The English, Scottish, Dutch and French,
Sit whilling here upon one bench:
If but of Pimlyco they dzinke hard,
Betwirt them falls not one foule word,
They kille like brothers, Dutch, French, Scot,

Are all Due in a Pimlyco Pot.

Bither come Sergeants with their Baccs. Dither come Bailiffes with red faces. Wither come Lads and arealie Lownes. Wither come pockets full of Crownes. Dither comethole can scarce find Baile For fire pence, pet fpend eight in Ale. Minrers battle (bere) their pence. The Diucil can fcarce keepe Brokers hence. The Lawyer that in Terme-time takes Rat fes, pleades here for Ale and Cakes. Dodors, Proctors, Clarkes, Atturneis, To Pimlyco make sweattie iourneis, And (being well Arm'd with Buckram bags,) Fight bnoer Hogidons Charlet Cags. The Winde our Merchants this way brives. Willit their men take up for their wives Romes befoze hand: and oft it hits, Pot farre from them some Fish-wife fits. for (here) of manners none take bed, First come, first fera'd first fera'd, first fed. Citizens, Souldiers, Sea-men, Schollers, Gentlemen, Clownes, Millers, Colliers, Mercers, Taylors, Poets, Booke-bynders, Grocers, Curriers, Goldsmiths, goldsiners, Silkemen, Botchets, Drapers, Dray-men, Courtiers, Carters, Church-men, Lay-men, Midwines, Apple-wines, Cheape-side Ladics, Old Beldames, and yong Tiffany Babies, Scotch-bums, red Wast-coats, fine Pawne-wenches, AL 耍

In the fame romes, on felfe fame benches, Crown's all together: All Dainche, all Day, Withy then hould any give the way? Romes here are by Reversion got, As Offices, fo men win the Bot. Both Pray and Day, and wait, and woe, That foure map bup, what goes for two, Det tis refuloe. The Serton scoznes To budge to a Unight. All flag their Tourns As at the Conduit of the Will, And nothing's beard, but Fill, Fill, Fill, Bespeaking one anothers Cups. As men do Chaples in Barbols hops Dn Chaiamalle Ceues. Abundzed laps Welv by for cakes; As many caps But off foz Ale, whose inice embalmes Their Blowes)tis beg'd as t'were an almes, Det all bold Silner by, and erp Take mine, (as at the Lotterp.)

Drawers ned not baule Anon, Anon, Cach Gueft for his owne Drinck does run, Braue men turne Lapters, Momen Caters, For Menthat lit, there s forty Maiters, French-Hoods, and Veluer Caps being prowd Sometimes, i'th Henrooft close to crowd.

D Crange! what makes the Cripple heere: When Arongest legs can haroly beare Those that Aand on them, if they kand But Aissip to't in Pimlyco Land: Met even that Wizetch, (that halts on wod) Although for forlongs off it Aod, Sweares he'le lympeto't, and to't he goes, And being there, his false legs does lose. After him, gropes the Blind, and cries, Pimlyco drinchs not ont mine Eyes. Pimlyco does so please the Pouth, They come from Cast, West, Borth, Couth, Thou, (the Pimlyconian Host,)

108 CF

Hav thy Head bin but like that Post, Mhich Scozes what Ale and Cakes come in. Df greater Reckoning habit thou bin. Baoft thou had Braines, but like to fome, To know what Wether was to come By'th Almanacke; thou habit change the lucke, Thy Hynde ere this bao prou'de a Bucke. Alacke! thy wits are loft in Brewings; Th'art growne starke mad with to good Doings Thou, onely creek, Who paves the Shot? (Wiben the Maine Matters are fozgot.) Thou Barmy Foole, at last grow wife, Build the Boule round with Galleries, Like to a Plap house; sor thy Ale (Be't bad, be't good, bet new, be't Stale) Brings the god Audience: from each shore. Ships of Foole's lanch, to fake thy Dore; Grepgobigall Gulls faile backe agen, Ebei'le pay the money to come in: Beve then, thy wife and thou, the dozes, Let those within wipe out the Scores. Bet (D vile counsell!) why do I labour Mohave a Chaiftian maong his neighbour? Bach afternone the House beingfull. Makes Fortune blino, oz Gelds The Bull. 20, no, (thou Pimlyconian Brewer) Thy Castle of Comfort stands fo fure. (Moated with Ale, and wal'd with cakes) Tho whirle-winds blow it never hakes: Therefore it needs no reparations, Po Rampyres, no Fortifications, But onely Shot : Charge them Pell Mell, Let Pimlyco Ordinance go off well; and Hogidon fæmes a Towne of warre, Where Constables the Captaines are, Leading to Stocks (with Bils and Staves) Whole tropes of Daunchen Whores and Knaues. Witho (tho they cannot fand) yet go, Swearing. 图 2

Spearing, Zounds hey brave Pimlyco. Dou therefozethat do trabe in Cans, (Virginians, 02 Craconians,) Pouthat in wholepots brinke your bone, Lping bead-bzuncke at The Labor in vaine: You Apzon men, that weekelp get By pour hard labour and your fweat, Silver (earn'd beare, but honeltly) Onough to find your family, Pow leave those places (nam'o before) Dz if pou'le Dzinke, maintaine a Scoze. But let your Wages (in one Summe) We wifely fau'd till Sundap come, But (mith it) bug, nor bread, nor broth. was house, not hose, not shoe, not cloth, for foo let wife and chilogen Die, Sucke Pimlyco bowne merrily, There dance and frend the day in laughter. D'is meat and vinke a whole weke after.

Pou Ballad-Singers, that doe live On halfe penny almes that Ideots give, In every Street (to druncken Motes) Set out your villanous pelping throates, That through all eares your Tunes may flow, Wilth praises of Browne Pimlyco.

Pou Pocts that of Helicon boalt,
Those mornings drought without a toalt
You alwayes take, but ne're do so,
Comming to tipple Pimlyco,)
D be more wise, and scorne that licquor,
Drincke this, which makes your Puses quicker,
Of This, three full Pota (I assure yee)
Leaves you starke drunke with braver surie.

You that plough up the falt Sea flod. To fetch from farre, the Grapes beare blod. And with Dut-landish drinks confound And mad the Brayne that is most found: Your very Ships going never to tteddy,

(amith

(With that moid Freight) but ever giody Andraling (as an ominous Signe, That Ahofe mult rale, who Arave in Wine, From Shoze to Shoze what nad you faile, When Pimlyco brads fuch Dragon-Ales

Bou that of men bære recknings make, Wet at the Barre (for what they Take) Arraigne them, Charging them to Stand, Till they have all held by The Band: Downe with your Bushes, and your Grates, Dan pour selues thoroin the Citie Bates, To Sacke the Walls of Pimlyco, Which day by day more frong do grow, And will in time (to their owne Trench) Drive backe both Spanish Wines and French: Da if no Shot can batter bowne This Pimlyco Fort; then, in the Towne, And in the fields and Common way. Witch Tents, and opening dispiag Pour Banners (brawne with Red and White) Under those cullors Men will aght Will they can frand, elle All are loft, And cut off by the Pimlyco Doft, Bere therefore fownd, Anon, Anon, for the mapne Army here coms on.

D you that (enery Done) hold Feafts,
(And in the Truc-loue-knot are Guefts)
And doe with Wreathes your Temples crowne,
(At Lothbury, and at Hotfey-downe,)
Let those Deare Fleshly-Meetings go,
And Bath your Brannes in Pimlyco.

Fou that by Enginous Meles can force Types to run backe and turne their Courle, Mhole wits in water fill do Diue, (D, if you with that Arades thould thrive,) With lowd borce to the Citie speake, Ehat the her Conduit-Beads would breake, And onely build One Conduite-Head.

Яt

At Pimlyco, that through pipes of Leab, The pretions Streame may be contrapo, And Crafts-men fo at home be frago.

Pou Bawds, you Bandars, Puncks and wholes, That are chalk's up on Ale-house scaes, You that lay Petricoats, Gamnes, and Smocks To pawne for drincks to cure the Pore, At Pimlyco some will take them from you, To drinke there then, shall best become you.

Df Alcy-llands there are moze, (Some new discouered, some before)
But neither th' Dlo noz Rew of name, Can equal Pinlyco in fame.

Dithese trange llands, Maka is one,
Maka does Border close upon
The Continent of Pimlyco,
And by her Streames more rich does grow,
Dn Pimlyco Seas when its sowle weather,
That no Ship can get in; then hither,
(To Maka) slie they with swolne Saile,
To buy the lew of Maka's Alc.
Thy Knights (D Maka) now do thourish,
Pimlyco their renowne does nourish,
All fealty therefore they do owe
And Service to quard Pimlyco.

Tripoly from the Turke mas taken,
But Tripoly is againe for laken;
What Newes from Tripoly? Mould you know?
Christians slye thence to Pimlyco.

Eye-bright, (so sam'd of late so; Beere)
Although thy Name be numbred have,
Ahine ancient Honors now runne low;
Thou art fruck blind by Pimlyco.
The New-sound Land, is now growen sale,
Hew to Terceras llands sayle;
The once well-mand, brave Ship of Hull,
That spred a sayle, proud, siffe, and full,
Leaker oft, and does at Anchor lye:

Day, ouen St. Christopher malkes byy. Rot halfe fo many Christians (now) Their knos befoze his White-croffe bow.

Run, (Red-cap) Run, amongt the Reft, Thouart nam'd latt, that once wert beft, But (Red.cap) now the Woll is worne, By Pimlyco is Red-cap home.

Dur weary Muse (here) leapes to Shore, Dn thele rough Seas the Saples no moze, This Voyage made the (for your fakes,) Spending thus much in Ale and Cakes.

FINIS.













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